



VOL. IV. Toronto, Canada.

JULY 15TH, 1900.

THE NEW YORK  
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No. 5.

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# THE LAMP.

CONDUCTED BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: D. N. DUNLOP, LONDON, ENGLAND.

“ Here the idea, all in this mystic handful wrapt.”

NUMBER XLI.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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"Here the idea, all in this mystic handful wrapt."

# THE LAMP.

VOL. IV.—No. 5.

TORONTO, JULY, 1900.

No. 41.

## A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.

A MISUNDERSTANDING of Jesus' statement about the grain of mustard seed is apparently essential to an orthodox Christian. I cannot recall any instance in which I have heard a parson refer to the passage in which he did not interpret it to mean that we should have at least a speck of faith in us as big as a grain of the seed, as though we could measure out faith in drachms and pennyweights, or mark it with carats.

To learn that faith is one of the principles of life, by which the mustard seed grows, a principle which we possess and may exercise in common with it, so that we too may grow, is to know one of the mysteries of the kingdom. A new order of philosophers who flourish under various designations as mental or Christian healers or scientists—and I class them together although they are all particularly careful to repudiate each other—has attained to some appreciation of this fact, with the result the ancient *Gita* promises in declaring that a very little wisdom will deliver from great evil. I am not a mental or any other kind of a scientist, for I perceive that the wisest men do not know anything, and are always looking out for the latest news from Nature herself. For the knowledge that it is summer to-day will avail but little if we shut ourselves off from any new impressions when the winter arrives.

I think that ten thousand years ago I may have considered myself a very wise man—even a Mahatma, as I perceive some of my pleasant comrades think themselves to-day, but I really know better now, if I can consistently say that I know anything at all, and I am quite pleased to be nothing more than a seed, and put out rootlets and leaflets and branchlets, and other lets and hindrances to chaos and confusion. The fowls of the air will take due notice.

I am not a mental or any other kind of a scientist, I was about to say, but without fees or prices I believe the worthy reader can get as much help out of these lines as though he had swapped large circular pieces of the immetallized sweat of his brow for them. These things are without money and without price, and the greatest danger in connection with all the metaphysical and occult movements is the traffic for lucre they are

identified with. I do not intend this as an indiscriminate condemnation, for there are worthy teachers of all kinds who have to live. But a teacher must look well to his motive, and remember always that he is to live to benefit mankind, not that mankind has to live to benefit him.

We are all seeds, cast down in the soil, not of the infinite, as some would have us believe, but in the soil of the finite, and capable of developing into anything for which that soil provides material. To be sure the limitations extend far beyond the range of our imagination, but it is well to keep the limitation in mind as a circumference. You can think of it as God with great comfort and edification, remembering that He also is a seed, (*Gita* x. 39) out of which proceed all things.

If you will examine the motions of a healthy seed you will observe that it is not scared of anything, it will grow anywhere it gets the chance, and it is impervious to the laws of property. It takes all it needs from what it can get. In a bad location it dies, just like a human creature. This is not very encouraging, perhaps, for the human creatures.

If you study botany a little you will discover that there are plants suited for existence in every kind of a location which the earth provides, short of the crater of an active volcano. Now man has the capacity of becoming any kind of a seed he likes. The plants have to grow along the lines of the spark of God-life attached to their different seeds. The whole of the God-life is attached to each human seed, so that if one kind of life is not suitable for the location in which the seed finds itself, it can choose another kind.

Each grain of mustard seed is surrounded by a vortex of marvellous magnetic, electric and vital forces, which always conform to the same general plan. Inaugurate the necessary conditions and these forces immediately become actively associated with the materials with which they are in contact. The invisible forces playing around each human seed are of such extraordinary complexity that almost any condition will provide a possible field of activity. There is this difference between the human and the mustard seed, that the latter has no choice, but grows according to its set plan, while the human must determine for itself what particular forces it will choose to set in motion out of the vast net-work which vibrates around it.

You can do anything of which you believe you are capable. If you have the faith of the mustard seed you will reach out into the universe around you and build into yourself all the constituents you require. They are all there, for the limitations out-run your imagination. Mustard seeds do not spring up into trees in a night, and you will not bloom forth in a year,

for you are a perennial. Nor would the mustard seed provide lodging for the fowls of the air if it decided half-way along its development to become a water-lily or a cucumber. And so you must keep right along on the path you have set yourself if you ever expect to get twigs on you. The persistent unchanging steadiness of the mustard seed is the power of faith, and if you have this faith and use it in your own garden people will by-and-bye begin to recognize you as one of the Kingdom.

For the Kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a grain of mustard seed.



## UNENROLLED THEOSOPHISTS.

### IV. ELIAS HICKS.

IT is interesting to note how comparatively brief is the time required for the heresy of one period to become the orthodoxy of another, and also how many lapses from so-called orthodoxy have been through the path of mysticism.

When, in 1382, John Wickliffe declared that prescribed forms of prayer were contrary to Christian liberty, and that each person should approach and address God in accordance with the dictates of his own heart, he paved the way for the subsequent utterances of Martin Luther.

When, in 1521, Luther substituted justification by faith for justification by works, this was once more an effort to come into direct rather than indirect relations with God.

In 1646, George Fox, meditating \* upon the text, "God who made the world dwelleth not in temples made with hands," had it "opened to him" that the temple of the Lord is the heart or soul of man, and should be dedicated to His service; and that when so consecrated God will indeed enter into His kingdom. There were many to persecute the gentle Quaker, but the divine presence was to him a reality.

And when, in 1827, Elias Hicks, following still deeper the shining of the "inner light," declared that all men are divine, and that through this divinity all may have immediate revelation of truth, he was only following to a further analysis the declaration of the first departure—earlier by many years than Wickliffe—from the first orthodoxy.

There is no reasoning upon ordinary lines that will account for Elias Hicks. He was born in 1748 in Queen's county, Long Island. His father and mother were not especially interested in religious matters, nor associated with any religious organiza-

\* "The silver thread that runs through all men's lives is the mysterious power of meditation."—*Old Tibetan Verse*.

tion, until, within a few years before the birth of Elias, his father was received into the Society of Friends. He seems to have been quite the ordinary boy in his tastes and tendencies—fond of horses and horse-racing, somewhat given even to the frivolous pursuit of dancing, and also of “singing vain songs;” quite fond of hunting and fishing. When, later, he came to realize the injustice of depriving defenceless creatures of life, he was apt to ascribe to the quiet and solitary hours spent in these sports, the habit of introspection which led to the revelation of truth in his mind.

He began to learn the trade of a carpenter in his seventeenth year, though a few years later this was relinquished for the occupation of farming. Soon after his apprenticeship began, while attending a dance, he became suddenly aware that the time had come for him to make a definite choice between a life of pleasure and one of service. He sat down and declared his intention of never dancing again. The Lord, he tells us in his Journal, had often opened the door of reconciliation to his soul before this, and now he seemed to have realized that if he did not accept the light that was offered, it would become permanently obscured. His companions reasoned with him, declaring that dancing was an innocent amusement, but he remained firm, for, “what,” he asks, “are all these carnal reasonings worth when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary against one single conviction of the divine light in the secret of the heart?”

Elias Hicks has left very little record of his life beyond a Journal which is now out of print. It is written in quaint stilted style, and though glowing with light, that light is forced to shine as best it may through the somewhat blurring influence of dogmatic devotion to his own conception of truth, and his too conscientious adherence to modes of expression handed down from less liberal religious societies.

Listening to the “heavenly call,” which he tells us he always found ready to speak when he would “quiet his mind,”\* he learned to depend more and more upon it, and he expressed great disapprobation of any one who would be so mechanical and conceited as to commit to paper what he wished to say, instead of allowing the Lord to show him the truth, and to speak it freely through him.

He began giving “testimony” when a very young man, and it is said there was a wonderful force in his presence and words. In 1779 he began to travel to neighbouring meetings, and his testimony and exhortation were everywhere favourably received. His journeys grew longer, sometimes lasting several months, and

\* “The golden vase which hides the secret sun is periodically drawn away for him who watches.”—*Old Tibetan Verse*.

covering several hundred miles. He travelled as far west as Indiana in 1828, including in this journey visits to Friends in the compass of the yearly meetings of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ohio, and Indiana—always on horseback, always bearing the expense of his journeys himself, for the testimony of Friends has always been against a paid ministry, which they regard as traffic in spiritual truth.

It was in 1813 that we find the first mention, in his Journal, of Jesus Christ as a man. No especial stress is laid upon the expression, but its use at all is worthy of notice.

A careful reading of his Journal fails to corroborate the charge, frequently made, that he denied the divinity of Christ. He exalted Christ the man as divine, but also everywhere asserted the divinity of all mankind. As he grew older, he dwelt with more and more force and clearness upon this. In his record for First day, 6th of 7th month, 1817, he wrote: "Soon after I took my seat in our meeting to-day, my mind was opened into a view of the great need man stands in of a Saviour and that nothing can give him so full and lively a sense thereof as a true sight and sense of his own real condition; by which he is not only brought to see the real want of a Saviour, but is also shown thereby what kind of a Saviour he needs. For it must not only be one who is continually present but who is possessed of a prescience sufficient to see at all times, all man's enemies, and every temptation that can or may await him, and have power sufficient to defend him from all and at all times. Therefore, such a Saviour as man wants cannot be one without him,\* but must be one that is always present, just in the very place that man's enemies assault him, which is *within* in the very temple of the heart: as no other Saviour but such an one, who takes His residence in the very centre of the soul of man, can possibly produce salvation to him: hence, for man to look for a Saviour or salvation anywhere else than in the very centre of his own soul is a fatal mistake, and must consequently land him in disappointment and error."

Naturally such statements brought upon him much severe criticism "from Friends calling themselves Orthodox," and we find that partisan feeling ran high at times. The records of his Journal are wholly free from unkind criticism of those who opposed him, and even when his meetings were disturbed and broken up by the "Orthodox," he seems to have been calm and patient.

\* "Know that there is no enlightenment from without; the secret of things is revealed from within. From without cometh no divine revelation, but the spirit heareth within. Do not think I tell you that which you know not; for except you know it, it cannot be given to you. To him that hath it is given, and he hath the more abundantly."—*Hermetic Philosophy*.



In Walt Whitman's *November Boughs* is a sketch of Elias Hicks that is appreciative and doubtless true, as the families of Whitman and of Hicks were neighbours on Long Island. Among other notes Whitman says: "The division vulgarly called between Orthodox and Hicksites in the Society of Friends took place in 1827, '8 and '9. Probably it had been preparing some time. One who was present has since described to me the climax, at a meeting of Friends in Philadelphia crowded by a great attendance of both sexes, with Elias as principal speaker. In the course of his utterance or argument he made use of these words: 'The blood of Christ—the blood of Christ—why, my friends, the actual blood of Christ in itself was no more effectual than the blood of bulls and goats—not a bit more—not a bit.' At these words, after a momentary hush, commenced a great tumult. Hundreds rose to their feet. Canes were thumped upon the floor. From all parts of the house arose angry mutterings. Some left the place, but more remained with exclamations, flushed faces and eyes. This was the definite utterance, the overt act, which led to the separation. Families diverged—even husbands and wives, parents and children, were separated."

At this distance, one can only wonder why they should split upon such fine distinctions. All admitted that God constantly spoke to all who would listen. Elias Hicks, questioning more deeply the how and why, declared that God spoke through a universal divine Saviour whom we may call Christ—Lord—Master, as we please, and that when that principle is awakened, when the illumination comes, we, too, are sons of God. His great effort was to persuade people to do away with rites and ceremonies and all intermediary and vicarious influences, and to come at once into direct relation with God, which was only possible because of the Saviour in the heart, and only to be accomplished by keeping the mind centred there.\* He constantly asserted (though personally limited in his verbal expression) the fact of universal divinity, and one is reminded of the older declaration—"That which shines glorious above yonder heaven, above this world, and above all others, large or small, is the same as that which shines within mankind." (*Chandogya Upanishad*).

Altogether Elias Hicks has a claim to recognition as one in whom shone the interior light of truth, and who, through a long life of service and self-sacrifice, constantly endeavoured to point that light to all. His method was destructive as well as constructive. The philosophy which he taught was but the logical

\* "That subtle self is to be known by thought alone; for every thought of man is interwoven with the senses, and when thought is purified, then the self arises."—*Mandukya Upanishad*.



outgrowth of already existing beliefs, and his constant protest against creed—form—ceremony—a paid ministry—war—the slave trade—the unnecessary taking of life—and in short any injustice or infringement of liberty—or, more properly speaking, his conception of liberty—was always forthcoming, and always based upon the fact of individual divine right. It is probable that few men have inspired warmer devotion or more violent opposition. His life included a time of great historical change, and among the many factors which, during that period, served to mould men's minds, he stands out as one of the strongest, albeit not one of the best known.

MARY FOLGER LANG.



### SYMBOLS AND SYMBOLISM.\*

TO-NIGHT, under, I hope, good auspices, we inaugurate "The Fellowship of the Three Kings." The name is of course itself symbolic; meaning that we are united in a quest similar to that of the three Magian Kings, Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar, who having seen the mystic Star in the East—the Morning Land, the Land of aspiration after the spiritual ideal, followed it into the West—the Land of the Incarnation, or of the practical ideal. There, in Bethlehem of Judea, they found the Messiah, a new-born babe, lying in a manger, because there was no room for his mother and her husband in the village inn.

This village, Bethlehem, was the predestined place of his birth, as its name denotes, Beth Lehem signifying, first, the House of Flesh, secondly, the House of that flesh which is sacrificed on the altar as a burnt offering, and thirdly, the House of Bread, of that upon which mankind are fed. Whether there is any mystical significance in the fact that the English have come to make the name of this village synonymous with *lunatic-asylum* I am not prepared to say.

There is a small chapel in Florence, the chapel of the Riccardi Palace, the walls of which were in the 15th century painted in fresco by Benozzo Gozzoli, for the Medici Family, to whom the Palace then belonged. On the east wall, over the altar, is the Nativity, with multitudes of angels moving like rainbow-winged pigeons over the penthouse which represents the stable. On the other three walls is seen the journey of the Three Magian Kings, in whose persons, Benozzo has left us portraits of three members of the Medici Family—Cosimo figuring as Caspar, and his grandsons, Lorenzo and Giuliano, as Melchior and Balthazar.

\*An Inaugural Address, read at the first meeting of "The Fellowship of the Three Kings."

This journey here assumes all the pride, pomp and circumstance of an early Renaissance procession, and Benozzo has painted it with his usual imaginative energy and delight in the pageantry of life. Each of these three kings is a typical personage—what Jacob Boehme calls “a Spiritual State”; that is to say, an incarnation of the creative mind in one of its phases. Caspar represents the Soul or intellect; Melchior, Spirit, internal energy or emotion; Balthazar, Body, or sensuous perception and the outward radiation of practical energy. The three together represent the Logos; that visionary faculty of the human mind which we call Imagination, and which is in fact the supreme energy of mind when it puts forth its total activity, to conceive and to bring to birth its conception. What we call *will* is the intellectual direction of this activity for the practical attainment of an end conceived and desired. In the fresco the Kings move through an elaborate landscape, with mountains, hills, rocks, grassy slopes, roads, streams, castles, towns and villages; trees and flowers, birds and beasts. This is the phenomenal world, or Nature, which mystics, anticipating modern science, regarded as the Divine Imagination reflected in the *Mysterium Magnum*, or ether—that darkest Africa of the brain of God as He exists in creation, which is now being more precisely charted by modern chemistry and modern mathematics. These two fundamental sciences are becoming more transcendental every day, until the wall which parts religion and science, mystical adumbration and experimental demonstration, if not down, is at least getting more transparent as “the limit of opacity,” as Blake called it, is being passed, and men learn to look “through, not *with* the eye.”

Benozzo has given an artistic characterization to each Magus. First, riding, as well as I remember, on a very sleek, well-groomed and aristocratic white ass, comes Caspar, wearing like the others an artistically designed combination of turban and crown. He is a venerable old man, strong and hale, with white beard flowing over his breast; and might pass for a figure of Blake's Urijen before his fall from the zenith to the nadir. He rides on with downcast eyes, unconscious of his surroundings, as deep in contemplation as St. Bernard when he rode all day beside Lake Lemman, and never saw it. He is the Sage who has evolved wisdom from the mystical science of the past. He is typical of imagination in its activity as intellect.

Next Melchior, a man of some thirty years of age, in the noontide of his passionate manhood, rides on a great white stallion of stately pace. On his head, wound around the diadem, or circlet of his crown, is a magnificent turban of two colours, between the folds of which this jewelled circlet shows for a

wide space upon his forehead; and the long flame-like points of the crown, also jewelled and tipped with gleaming pearls, or perhaps opals, rise high above his turban. He is clad in a long-skirted coat of rich-coloured stuff, brocaded with flowers. One hand rests on his hip as he rides. His dark, crispy, curling hair flows down to his shoulders from under his turban. His ardent, olive-coloured face, with short, crisp, dark-brown beard and moustache, is raised, his dreaming yet eager eyes fixed upon the sky, gazing probably upon the Star, which he alone seems to see going perpetually before them. He is the Poet or Prophet—imagination as vision, and his crown is the crown of inspiration, the long points of which bring down the fires of God.

Last comes Balthazar, ambling upon a high-stepping palfrey, white like other "vehicular forms" which carry the Kings in their progress through the earth. This third King is a mere boy, alert as Chaucer's Squire, wearing a short riding-coat with double sleeves, the external ones hanging loose from the shoulders; and, like the squire, he is:

"Embroded as it were a mede

All fulle of freshe floures, white and rede."

His turban is tight and trim, showing the jewels of the diadem all round; and the spikes of his crown are much less important than those of Melchior's. As he rides he is enjoying the sports of hawking and shooting. Behind him one of his attendants is chasing a stag with greyhounds, galloping full speed upon a precipitous crag, while he poises a javelin in his hand, aiming it at the stag. The young King looks out of the picture with a half smile on his face, intensely interested in all that is going on around him, full of the joy of life. He is not, as in the work of some of the Flemish and Italian painters who saw in the three kings types of the three sons of Noah, Japhet, Shem and Ham, represented as a negro, whose black colour was emblematic of the fallen and accursed flesh. Benozzo himself enjoyed life, and was on good terms with the despised body; and his Balthazar is an embodiment of the sensuous imagination.

I have dwelt thus long on this mythical presentment of the story of the Three Kings, conceived at a time when even the artizan painter, whose business was decoration, was still an instinctive symbolist; partly because it was recalled by the birth of our Society, partly because it seemed a good introduction to my immediate subject, Symbols and Symbolism.

This is a great subject, and difficult to handle in a brief space. Many people regard Symbols as the toys of idle dreamers, who, not being able to think clearly, and express their thoughts in definite language, call themselves mystics, assume superior

airs, and amuse themselves with foolish speculations about the mysteries of the universe, which they clothe in symbolic, that is in *vague* forms of expression, meaning everything or nothing.

There is some truth in this view. There will always remain a certain vagueness in imaginative or poetic symbolism; for a symbol is not a definition, but, to use a word of Sir Thomas Browne's, an *adumbration*—that is to say, a *suggestion* which excites the imagination to contemplate the thing suggested by it. Symbols are the natural language of the imagination, and all language is symbolic. It is hard to give an adequate definition of the word *symbol*. Perhaps we may say that a symbol is the representation of a mental conception or emotional state by a sensuous image; for as we know the external world through the medium of emotional states and mental conceptions, so we know mind and its phenomena only through the external world. In psychological language we know the objective by the subjective, the ego by the non ego, and *vice versa*; and all things by their contraries, which bound and define them. Seal up the five gates of sense, and if consciousness remained it must live either in the dreams of memory or by the communications of some inward sense. Imagination is life and memory personality.

Symbols are either purely *arbitrary*—such as musical notes, which suggest sound because musicians have agreed upon an intellectual system perfectly intelligible when its rules are known, each note's pitch being determined by its position in the octave, its duration by its shape, its accent by its position in the bar; or they are *analogical* or representative, as when natural phenomena are taken as representations of conditions, emotions or conceptions of the human mind—darkness for ignorance, fire for passion, crystal for purity, and the like. Such symbols are emotional as well as intellectual, being in fact the product of imagination which always leaps from analogy to analogy by a process of perpetual visionary reminiscence and symbolization.

There is a third form of symbol produced by fancy, fancy being the middle term between intellect and emotion—a mechanical mixture of the two, as imagination is their perfect synthesis or chemical combination. In this fanciful form of symbol there is a less profound analogy, eked out by an element of arbitrary choice, as when a lion is taken as a symbol of royalty, because what we fancy the lion to be, strong, courageous and noble, a king *ought* to be. All allegory is of this semi-arbitrary and fanciful nature, and thus limited in meaning.

Perhaps we may add a fourth form of symbol, one suggested by an accidental association of ideas; as the cross for self-sacrifice and martyrdom because of the Passion of Christ.

Magical symbols—talismans and the like, and religious

symbols, such as vestments and ritual, may belong to any or all of these forms, some being very complex in their modes of suggestion.

It may be laid down as a rule that the more arbitrary the symbol the more definite and limited in its range of meaning it becomes. Imagination, the great outlaw of time and space, is confined in it, loses its wings of emotion, and appears as the pedestrian intellect, stepping carefully in one direction and counting and making sure of each step as it goes. Hence the Priesthoods of all mystical systems have always endeavoured to give definiteness of meaning to their doctrines by means of the multiplication of more or less arbitrary symbols, and the rubric of carefully systematized rituals; but with imperfect success; for while any religion is alive new meanings perpetually bud and flower from the old roots. The heretical prophetic spirit bursts the old bottles of dogma with its new wine of inspiration. Creeds and dogma are the Holy Sepulchre in which the dead body of the God reposes, still, it may be working miracles, and the Priests are its guardians; but the Prophet leaves the tomb at the voice of the Resurrection Angel, to find the God reborn. Yet both Priest and Prophet, tradition and intuition, antagonistic as they seem, are necessary factors in the world's progress towards wisdom.

And here, in illustration of my statement that symbols are the language of imagination, let me reiterate my heretical doctrine that imagination is the supreme faculty of the human mind; not, as the psychologists would have us believe, a mere dweller in some æsthetic suburb, or madman's cell. The most prosaic of us is, like the Poet, "of imagination all compact." We live in imagination, of which intellect and emotion are the two focal points around which all our sensuous perceptions revolve, like nebulous seas of matter gradually forming into a solar system. Each of these two focal points, or centres of polarization, is constantly irradiating and interacting upon the other. They are as intimately connected as heat and light. Emotion, with its boundless desires and aspirations, is always seeking to extend the bounds of experience and self-expression, and, as Shelley says of his Prometheus, who is Imagination chained to the Rock of Destiny—the law of the created universe, it lives by "defying power which seems omnipotent" and "hoping till hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates." Intellect, the later-born twin of emotion, the weighing, measuring, comparing, contrasting and abstracting faculty, defines, draws outlines, shapes precise conceptions, and thus giving form to chaotic force, it arranges all that it has defined in intelligible order and sequence.

All that phenomenally exists defies definition, because it is perpetually becoming, perpetually changing. Its identity is a mystery of the imagination, involving a series of developmental changes between life and death. What we call a tree or a flower is our sensuous perception of an immense number of those focal points which we call *atoms*, playing for a while with each other as they fly through space, and temporarily arranged in that condition of more or less stable equilibrium which we call *form*, or, in the language of artists, *pattern*; and every atom in this pattern is a focus to and from which that mysterious influence we call force radiates. Every atom that exists radiates influence to every other atom, even to the ends of the universe, the more stable the equilibrium of forces, the longer the pattern will last, but the less life it will have—other conditions being the same, the less vividly will it radiate force. A crystal of spar once formed may last as long as the world; it has enclosed its forces within it, to protect its form. Its perfection of shape and purity of substance are the expression of this latent energy. It does not change, and therefore does not waste and requires no food. It is the Holy Sepulchre of the sleeping God within it. A flower or a man dies at last, food or no food, in the mere process of growth and the exercise of the activities of a more vivid personality.

• JOHN TODHUNTER.

(*To be concluded.*)



#### THE WAY OF THE MASTER.

I know the Master walked on earth,  
For I've heard the tale of His human birth,  
And all that He did would I have done  
Had He been mortal and I God's Son.

I know that His heart was crushed and wrung,  
For I've cherished that which has turned and stung;  
And He could not help but love us all  
Though some are held in an evil thrall.

And I know that His law was Brotherhood,  
And His life was gentle and kind and good,  
And all that the sad earth needs this hour  
To bring men peace, is to use that power.



I have overtaken many a band  
Of pilgrims following Faith's command,  
And journeyed awhile where their prophet led,  
Then, passing on, found the Path ahead,

With the Master's guide-marks, true and just,  
And His foot-prints marked in the clay and dust,  
But over-trodden, effaced and blurred,  
By those who followed some lesser Word.

I may pass them all in the years, perchance,  
And reach new realms of the soul's expanse,  
And many may follow where I have gone—  
But the Master still will be leading on.

For the best I know of His heart to-day,  
When I've bettered that, will have sunk away  
In the knowledge gained from my higher place  
Of His endless love, of His boundless grace.

O comrade mine, we shall never part  
In the living way of the loving heart,  
Where the lust of gold and the wanton's guile,  
And the cup of the curse will not defile

For I know the Master walked on earth,  
I have heard the tale of His human birth,  
And all that He did would I have done  
Had He been mortal and I God's Son.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.



SAYS THE *Philistine* on the changes taking place in the character of Church teachings and social ideas: "General relaxation was in order to meet the competition of rival sects and independent preachers that were springing up; for although creeds never change yet their interpretation does, and liberal sects do their work, not by growing strong, but by making all others more liberal."



## PLEASURE AND PAIN.

## I.

**EVIDENTLY** the writer of the article entitled "Is Pain Compulsory" in the May LAMP has not looked upon all sides of the question, nor has he looked within, or, at least, had not gained sufficient insight to answer the question satisfactorily to all.

The cause of all suffering, misery and pain lies in the desire to live for enjoyment. Buddha, during his meditation discovered: 1st, the miseries of existence; 2nd, the cause productive of these; 3rd, the possibility of the destruction of this cause; and 4th, the way to destroy it. He then saw and taught that every being, high or low, human or animal, semi-material or non-material, is subject to alternative misery and illusive or impermanent happiness, and, that lasting bliss is to be found only in Nirvana. He saw that the cause of transmigration, with its miseries lies in the desire to live for enjoyment, and that when through enlightenment, this desire ceases, Nirvana is attained. *Justice* was the chief doctrine of Buddha and this includes equal-mindedness, tolerance and non-attachment to objects of sense. Enjoyment, happiness and pleasure are synonymous. Pleasure and pain, love and hate, liking and disliking, attraction and repulsion are corresponding pairs of opposites from which we should free ourselves. To gain one or any of these, we must necessarily, sooner or later, experience the other. One cannot exist without the other. When we move from the centre, the point of right or equilibrium, toward one of these, we produce a cause for going to its opposite, even as a pendulum oscillates from one side to the other. Pleasure and pain, as good and evil, are a pair of opposites. One is as far from the centre, or as far from right as the other. Both are necessary for our enlightenment and for our attainment of knowledge, but the place of rest, of peace, is at the middle point or at the centre where there is neither pleasure nor pain, neither sorrow nor enjoyment, neither good nor evil, neither attraction nor repulsion and neither liking nor disliking.

The *Gita* says: "All beings fall into error by reason of the delusion of the opposites which springs from liking and disliking." Again it says: "In every purpose of the senses are fixed affection and dislike. A wise man should not fall in the power of these two passions for they are the enemies of man." "Good and evil experiences are the bonds of action." He also is worthy who neither rejoiceth nor findeth fault, who neither

lamenteth nor coveteth, and being my servant hath forsaken interest in both good and evil results." The *Gita* also says: "He who performs necessary actions unattached to their consequences and without love or hatred is of the nature of the quality of truth." It is clear from the above, that we cannot enjoy unless we suffer and that we cannot have pleasure without its counterpart, pain. Therefore, "permanent removal of pain necessitates the permanent removal of enjoyment." This being true, it will be seen that the words "Love-life," in the last paragraph of the article referred to, are not synonymous with Yoga, Devotion, or the divine discipline of Krishna. When a man says: God, or the Supreme Being is good, he has only spoken half a truth. God cannot be good unless he is also evil; evil is as necessary to goodness as the darkness is to the light. The Devil is only God inverted, the opposite pole of one and the same thing. It would be as near right to use the words Hate-life as Love-life to express Yoga. Yoga is skill in the performance of action, Yoga is right action, or justice.

No man desires to see the light of his soul until pain and sorrow and despair have driven him away from the life of the ordinary humanity. First he wears out pleasure, then he wears out pain till at last he attains "an equilibrium which cannot be shaken by personal emotion."

Now, as to man's soul or any other soul being perfect, pure and requiring nothing to improve it; one who sees thus is indeed short sighted. Vivekananda is one of those who teaches that the soul is omnipotent, and omniscient, or that the soul is all-wise and all powerful and unlimited. This is something like the Christian who declares that God is omnipresent, infinite, and at the same time denies that man is a part of God, and that God is in all creatures. If the Soul is all-wise, why should it manifest itself in matter; why should it materialize itself and become partly material? If it is already infinite in knowledge, power and space how can it be benefited by all this experience? No one with any degree of wisdom seeks for what he is already in full possession of. One may seek to awaken, develop or unfold some latent or dormant quality in himself, but he would be foolish to pass through all of these experiences and trying illusions if nothing was to be gained by it, and if he was already perfection and in the full possession of all knowledge power, wisdom, satisfaction and bliss. Is it not true that the soul is in bondage to matter through ignorance or lack of realization of its powers still latent, and that it is seeking freedom? Not freedom from matter, as so many suppose, in the sense that it would be separate from or destitute of matter, but freedom from matter in the sense that it can dominate and

rightly and thoroughly control and govern it; seeking to express itself in matter. That is to my mind the freedom that the Soul is striving for, and what it has not yet attained, as we know. "Ignorance is like unto a closed and airless vessel; the soul a bird shut up within. It warbles not, nor can it stir a feather." "Alas, alas, that all men should possess Alaya and that possessing it, Alaya should so little avail them!" "Alas, that so few men should profit by the gift, the priceless boon of learning truth, the right perception of existing things, the knowledge of the non-existent."

Many hold to the idea that man's beginning was pure and perfect, and that he degenerates until he cannot degenerate further, and then he shoots upward again to complete the circle. To hold to the above is to hold that the soul of man was pure, all-wise, all-powerful or perfect and that it periodically degenerates from choice, knowing that it can gain nothing by its degeneracy, and that there is in reality no continuous progression or unfoldment. This is all wrong. The soul of man has without doubt very great knowledge, wisdom and powers, for it is eternal and has been gathering knowledge through experience throughout the past ages, but at no time in the past was it all wise and perfect for it is subject to the law of constant progression. And if the Soul can be thought of as having been pure at sometime in the far past this can only be thought of in the sense that the Soul through ignorance of sin, was innocent and inexperienced. It cannot have been that purity which knows, and yet abstains because it is right to abstain.

It is always well to keep in mind that the purpose of existence is to enrich the whole through the individualized experience of its parts.

Patanjali held that nature exists for the soul's sake. The knower and experiencer is the soul. "There is in the spirit a natural tendency throughout a Manvantara to manifestation on the material plane, on and through which only the spiritual monads can attain their development," says the commentator in *Yoga Aphorisms*. Aphorism 31, Book II., says: "For the sake of the soul alone, the Universe exists." The commentator adds: "Nature in energizing does not do so with a view to any purpose of her own, but with the design, as it were, expressed in the words, 'let me bring about the soul's experience.'"

"The mind is merely a tool, instrument, or means, by which the soul acquires experiences and knowledge,—the mind operates or exists for the carrying out of the soul's salvation and not the soul for the mind's sake." (Page 61, Y. A.)

Charles Johnston has it nearly right in his *Memory of Past Births*, page 8, where it is stated that "the soul does not only

receive from the spirit, it also gives to the spirit; brings to it the harvest of its best hours in life; the knowledge it has won; the sense of the beauty of the world; the sense of human life, with its loves and its efforts; the sense of toil well done, of difficulties overcome. For if the spirit soars angelic above our life it is thereby cut off from many a secret that every mortal knows; and these are the messages it learns from the soul in return for the power and peace it breaths over the soul in Paradise."

Syracuse, N.Y.

M.W.D.

## II.

It would be easy to retort upon "M.W.D." that, as he charges the writer, he had himself failed to look on all sides of the question "Is Pain Compulsory?" but it will be more to the purpose to consider his position. To suppose, as "M.W.D." does, that one is in ignorance of the various elementary propositions that he makes with regard to the divine Being or Life, is surely a gratuitous limitation to begin with. As all misunderstandings and disagreements are the result of a difference in the point of view, or in giving a different meaning to terms employed, there should be no difficulty in discovering where an indiscriminate condemnation of my article has its inspiration.

First of all, "M.W.D." admits the whole case in accepting Buddha as an authority. "The cause of all suffering, misery, and pain," he declares, "lies in the *desire* to live for enjoyment." Now "M.W.D." makes the common error of confusing the desire for enjoyment with enjoyment itself, just as some other people are always telling us that money is the root of all evil, on the authority of an apostle who really said that the *love* of money was a root of all evil. Sat, Chit, Ananda, Being, Consciousness, Bliss, are the three terms of the Buddhist trinity, and if Bliss is not synonymous with enjoyment in ordinary parlance we must revise our dictionaries. Again "M.W.D." declares that love and hate are opposites. He has abundant authority for this, but he surely knows that it is desire and not Love in the great sense that is the antithesis of hate. There is no opposite to this Love, and so when I speak of the Love-life, a phrase which I am by no means alone in using as equivalent to Yoga, I simply emphasize the Unity of Being. Similarly there is no opposite to Being. We talk about non-Being, but it is merely a way of talking. Non-Being is not, and that which is not, cannot *be*, either as an opposite or an absolute. Being is itself absolute, or if Be-ness, Madam Blavatsky's term, be preferred, it may convey the idea better.

Many of our difficulties in these questions arise from mixing

up moral considerations with states of consciousness. Pleasure and pain are associated with good and evil. Presently we hear that the centre is good and the circumference bad, or that north is right and south is wrong. It soon follows that the oscillating pendulum is righteous when it wags to one side and wicked when it wags to the other. As soon as people learn that these are purely artificial standards, and that the morals of place and time, nation and period, are like unto them, they will be on the way to the Secret of Buddha. Nearly all the misery I have ever witnessed has been the result of endeavours to impose arbitrary restrictions upon other people's actions. Personally I never had any trouble or sorrow that was not the result of an attempt to square my conduct with other people's ideals or with traditional standards which are certain to be changed as the centuries proceed. Pain that I have suffered from physical causes has invariably been the result of ignorance which should have been remedied by my guardians or by society. In the severest illness I have endured I suffered no pain whatever, and if I had died, as the doctor expected at one time, it would have been without any kind of suffering. A personal experience of this kind is, of course, of no value, except as it confirms previous testimony.

To quote the *Gita* piecemeal, is as bad as going to the Bible to prove a sectarian argument. The *Gita* is entirely synthetic, and will prove anything you want if you take it in pieces. The whole value of the *Gita* consists in its demonstration that all men who mind their own business and strive either for work or for knowledge, or who rest satisfied with what they have, will attain to wisdom. I do not at all see from the quotations made that it follows that we cannot enjoy unless we suffer. Yoga, the condition of the Love-life, is skill in the performance of action, but it is also skill in the performance of inaction, or in the non-performance of action. In this sense "M.W.D." is utterly wrong in ascribing duality to my conception of the Supreme. I have refrained from making any statements about the Supreme in any case, and only recognize its manifestation in the three principles above mentioned. But it is clearly absurd to say that we cannot have light without darkness when we know that what we call darkness is merely an illusion of the sense of sight, any extension of which would prove the darkness to be as luminous as the day. This confusion of our perception of things with their real nature lies at the root of all our religious and philosophical squabbling.

"M.W.D.'s" own confusion is well illustrated by comparing two of his sentences. "If the soul is all-wise," he asks in one place, "why should it manifest itself in matter; why should it

materialize itself and become partly material? If it is already infinite in knowledge, power and space, how can it be benefited by all this experience?" Further along we read: "It is always well to keep in mind that the purpose of existence is to enrich the whole through the individualized experience of its parts.' We may well exclaim with Epictetus and other sages "Alas'! that all men should possess Alaya, and that possessing it, Alaya should so little avail them!"

"Ye are not bound! the soul of things is sweet,  
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;  
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good  
Doth pass to Better—Best."

"M.W.D." fails entirely to perceive, or else to mention the most important point in the whole matter. And it is this. If effort and desire for any condition always produces a reaction, if the desire for pleasure always produces pain as a future certainty, why is there an exception made in the case of those seeking liberation or equilibrium? As surely as they seek the centre will they not as surely swing back again to the periphery? If the law be universal they undoubtedly must. And so we are brought back to the Buddhist belief that it is in the extinction of desire that we may find bliss. And this is merely harmony, the perfect adaptation of every creature to its environment. As we already have this in part, it is quite conceivable as existing for the whole, and consequently for evolution to be orderly and painless. Pain, therefore, is not compulsory.

BEN MADIGHAN.



"IN HIS remarkable essay on the Ancient Stoics," writes Dr. Robertson Nicolls, "Sir Alexander Grant rightly lays stress on the profound truth which Seneca perceived, the truth namely, that the mind and the will evoked into consciousness and provoked even by suffering are a greater possession than the blessings, if they were attainable, of a so-called golden age and state of nature. The old picture of mankind in a state of innocence, dwelling together in some far-off island where every impulse was virtuous and every impulse was to be obeyed, was rejected by the Stoics. They said that in these primitive times there was, in fact, no wisdom. If men did wise things, they did them unconsciously. They had not even virtue; neither justice nor prudence, nor temperance, nor fortitude. Seneca railed at the actual state of the world, but he saw that the remedy was placed rather in the power of the will in the effort to progress than in dreams of a bygone state of innocence."



# THE LAMP.

A Magazine Published on the 15th of Each Month.

CONDUCTED BY

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE,

who will be responsible for unsigned articles and to whom all communications are to be addressed at

TORONTO, CANADA.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR—D. N. DUNLOP, LONDON, ENGLAND.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION—One Dollar or Four Shillings a year in advance.

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TORONTO, JULY 15, 1900.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

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“A MASTER HAS ARISEN, a Master of the Day.”

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“THE less we have to do with our sins the better.”

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“MEDITATION is the inexpressible yearning of the inner Man to go out towards the infinite.”

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“STAND ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.”

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The excellent and charming prose version of the Iliad and Odyssey, by Andrew Lang and other scholars, has been issued in a cheaper form.

\*

A FINE PHOTO-ENGRAVING of Mr. Clark Thurston, the most influential of the remaining members of the U. B. Cabinet, appears in the current *U. B. Path*.

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THE BODEN PROFESSOR OF SANSKRIT, Arthur A. Macdonell, has written the History of Sanscrit Literature for Edmund Gosse's series of Short Histories. The volume is a 12mo. of 472 pages, published at \$1.50 and I hope to refer to it next month.

\*

THE MARRIAGE IS ANNOUNCED of Charlotte Perkins Stetson and George H. Gilman, in New York, on the 11th June. The marriage is also announced of Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill-Mayer, late of the Point Loma Conservatory of Music, to Mr. A. G. Spalding, the Chicago base-ball magnate, on 24th June. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding will spend their honeymoon in Paris.



IT is with very great regret that I have to record the death of Mrs. M. B. Beach, of Aspinwall, Pa. On the several occasions of my visits to Pittsburg she was invariably the gentlest and most considerate of hostesses and the most cordial of friends. Her devotion to Theosophy is of long standing, and the loss caused by her transition will be by no means confined to her sorrowing family.

\*

GEO. A. BACON, in *Boston Ideas*, of 23rd June, answering the enquiry of a correspondent "What is Spiritualism?"—replies that "it is a demonstration to-day, under circumstances that can be easily established, of the truth of Angel Ministration, a doctrine clearly taught in the Bible and accepted by the Church for centuries." This is a testimony to the correctness of the Theosophical position that every ancient creed and dogma had an underlying basis of fact. Mr. Bacon merely follows the Authorized version. (Psalm civ: 4; Heb. i: 7.) and "maketh his angels spirits."

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PUBLIC interest, at present, seems to be entirely centred on the various war crises, and on politics, with any intelligent residue remaining devoted to literature. The overwhelming anxiety for the security of one's soul that was characteristic of the generation of fifteen years ago, seems to have been appeased, and with the pleasant consciousness that hell has been abolished, and that things can be no worse than they are, people go about minding their own business with cheerfulness and alacrity. The only question now needing to be solved is the important one—What is your own business? This, of course, never presents any difficulty to readers of THE LAMP.

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"ADMIRERS OF OMAR KHAYYAM should read the interesting analysis in detail of the Ruba'iyat, which appears in the *Universal Brotherhood Path* for July. The writer, "An Omarite," holds that Omar "was a spiritual poet, a saint in his life," and used the imagery of the Vine, the Wine, and the Cup, as it is used in other religions, the True Vine, the Holy Grail, and other instances being familiar. The Wine is the Wine of Oneness, and the mystic life the daughter of the Vine, and the popularity of the quatrains is ascribed to their mystic quality. Fitzgerald's own particular temper is to be held accountable for the materialistic interpretation usually put upon Omar's thought. Whether acceptable or not, "An Omarite's" views must be read by all students of the Tentmaker.

THE Metaphysical Publishing Co. has conferred a favour upon students by the re-issue of the Occult Series published some years ago by the Lovell Co. Four of Dr. Hartmann's works, three of Mabel Collins, Walker's *Reincarnation*, Maitland's *Pilgrim and the Shrine*, Anna Kingsford's *The Perfect Way*, and Jacolliot's *Occult Science in India*, are included. The edition is not a cheap one, but is handsomely and enduringly produced, and will doubtless command a large sale. This firm has also issued two new works by Mr. Charles Johnston to which I hope to refer at greater length. These are *Karma: Works and Wisdom*, and *The Word of the New Cycle*.

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THE DEATH of Mrs. Gladstone draws attention to the character of one of the very highest examples of the great and wifely womanhood which it is a distinction of our times to have cultivated as an ideal. Mrs. Gladstone was not intellectual, or at least she did not claim to be, and she had little opportunity for much reading, but her "pure and courageous spirit" was the guiding star of her husband's fortunes, and the mutual love and devotion that blessed their long union is a better lesson to humanity and a stronger inspiration than all our religion, philosophy, and science can furnish unaided. Mr. Gladstone wrote in his will: "I desire to be buried where my wife can also lie." And so Westminster Abbey holds the tomb of two true lovers.

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MAGAZINES and papers received: *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Flaming Sword*, *Ideal Review*, *Christian Messenger*, *Review of Reviews*, *Prophetic Messenger* (which appears as a large quarto of 8 pages), *Boston Ideas*, *Occult Truths*, *International Theosophist*, *The Philistine*, *Morning Star*, *Free Man*, *Notes and Queries*, *Unity*, *Herald of the Golden Age*, *Belfast Weekly News*, *Star of the Magi*, *British Weekly*, *North Ender*, *Rainbow*, *H. C. Leader*, *Prasnottara*, *Nya Tiden*, *World's Advance Thought*, *The Theosophical Forum*, *Citizen and Country*, *Theosophic Messenger*, *All Ireland Review*, *Meaford Mirror*, *The Temple Artisan*, *The Prophet*, *Theosophical Reprint* (discontinued with this number), *Brotherhood* (J. Bruce Wallace's social reform organ, published in London, 50 cents annually), *Secular Thought*, *Appeal to Reason*, *Literary Digest*, *Light of Truth* (Madras), *Theosophic Gleaner* (Bombay), *Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society* (Calcutta), *Spirit Fruit*, *Faith and Hope Messenger* (April and May), *The Occult Review* (which makes over a column of quotations from our late issues), *Union Agent*, *Book and News Dealer*, *Righteousness*, *The Adept*, &c.

THERE IS AN interesting passage in the June *Forum* recording Madam Blavatsky's testimony about Jesus. Speaking of the Masters she said that Krishna was one, and Zoroaster, and Buddha, and Shankara Acharya, the great sage of Southern India. "So also was the Nazarene. He went forth against the counsel of the rest, to give to the masses before the time, moved by a great pity, and enthusiasm for humanity; he was warned that the time was unfavourable, but nevertheless he elected to go, and so was put to death at the instigation of the priests." When asked if the adepts had any secret records of his life, she answered, "They must have, for they have records of the lives of all Initiates. Once I was in a great cave-temple in the Himalaya mountains, with my Master; there were many statues of adepts there; pointing to one of them he said: 'This is he whom you call Jesus. We count him to be one of the greatest among us.'"

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IT IS FREQUENTLY REMARKED how much like each other old married couples have grown. The thoughts and mental operations are held to affect the physiognomy, and the Geneva Photographic Association has recorded in its Transactions the results of observations made upon the photographs of 78 pairs of an advanced age. *The Theosophic Gleaner* states that out of these it was found after a careful examination that 54 pairs, a ratio of 69 per cent., exhibited a similarity of features almost like that of brothers and sisters, though there were no next-of-kin marriages among them. It was the power of thought, the oneness of purpose in life, the parallel lines in which their thoughts flowed, and the absence of discord and disharmony in the ordinary ways of their conduct, that had thus moulded their facial expressions in the same cast. "Such is the mighty power of mentality over physicality, and still greater is the power of spirituality over mentality."

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THE HERETICAL CHILDREN who are or have been in the habit of ranking Robinson Crusoe, the Arabian Nights, Gulliver's Travels, and the Old Testament as of equal authority and delight will be pleased to hear Dr. Lyman Abbott's opinion on Hebrew Fiction. For the "more conservative reader" Dr. Abbott indicates that there is "some" fiction in the Bible, instancing the story of the trees in Judges ix. From fiction to parable, and from parable to folk-lore are easy stages of—shall we say—descent. Of Samson, he says, that "found anywhere but in Hebrew literature, we should assume it to be that half-fiction, half-history of which such stories in primitive literature are always composed; not only we should, but we do assume it.

to be such; for the story of Samson in Hebrew literature and the story of Hercules in Greek literature remarkably parallel each other." It is their ethical significance and not their historical truth which is important. In my own experience no sensible child ever thinks of discriminating among the volumes above mentioned, except with a slight preference, perhaps, for the Arabian Nights, a work with more occultism in it than in all the occult brotherhoods in America.

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IT MAY BE WELL to remind subscribers to THE LAMP that their names are dropped from the mailing list immediately on the expiry of their subscriptions. Anybody who cannot afford to pay for THE LAMP and yet desires to read it, if it be not accessible at the nearest public library, has merely to signify his wish to have it and it will be sent to him. With the present issue are completed the obligations of the paper to its twenty-five cent subscribers of three years ago, and it is to be hoped they feel repaid for the delay in the extra value given them. As THE LAMP depends very largely for the increase of its circulation upon the kindness of its readers, it is requested that they will assist as far as they may feel disposed in introducing it to their friends. I have been told by a number of people that I do not push my wares sufficiently, nor clamour loudly enough about the merits of the dollar's worth offered, but I think these matters are sufficiently evident to those concerned. For the rest, a forced development is unwise, as an arrested development is well-nigh hopeless, and readers and subscribers will duly assemble as our cycle expands. The privilege of subscribing for THE LAMP is every day becoming better appreciated.

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IN A RECENT ISSUE of *Secular Thought* the editor deals with a question which frequently comes up for discussion. A correspondent had declared that "all a man's energy is consumed in a conflict for a coarse and scanty existence." To this our contemporary replies: "There is in this statement a fallacy, and in our view, a total misconception of the problem, that Mr. Ratcliffe shares with most Socialists of our acquaintance. The fallacy is that the ignorance of the labouring classes depends upon the alleged fact that all their energies are exhausted in the struggle for existence. This, we suppose, is based on the dictum of some up-to-date economists,—that the wages of the labouring classes must necessarily, by the struggle for existence, be brought to a point just barely sufficient to sustain life, the capitalist making a rake-off of all the rest as profit. Any one who looks at the streets of a modern town must certainly see

the absurdity of this idea. Who supports all the beer, whisky, tobacco and cigar stores, the candy and fruit shops and ice-cream parlours, and the stores full of articles of various degrees of luxury and utility that crowd our towns? It is plain that these stores can only be maintained by a mass of people who, on the whole, have a large reserve over and above the mere necessities of existence. That the masses should make the best—the most human and civilizing use of this reserve is the object of Secularists.”

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SPEAKING at the State Convention of the Ohio Christian Endeavourers, during the last week of June, Morgan Wood, who recently left Toronto for Cleveland, made an address which indicates that through the young people's movements in the churches there is working a more radical leaven than many non-church-going reformers are aware of. In the course of a brilliant half-hour's speech Mr. Wood took the ground that this was not the age of doubt, but the age of investigation. It is the age when one will not accept opinions and judgments ready made. He must stand by his own conscience. If he can not still retain his admiration for time-honoured customs he is not necessarily a doubter, but instead he is a seeker after truth, that blessed attribute which is greater than Christ himself. Truth is not truth because Jesus spoke it, but Jesus spoke it because it was the truth. Christ himself did not make truth; he embodied it. No man has an absolute patent right on the perfect standard of right. Men don't make truth, but truth makes men. The average man outside of God to-day does not believe that you and I believe what we say we believe. We must break down this barrier between us, and how shall we do it? We must not believe too much. What you think, that you are. Action is only thought in concrete form. The love of the good and the love of the beautiful go hand in hand. Do your own thinking. Truth, not men, is what you want. Good can be found in all things if you seek for it. In everything you will find the germ which God plants within us. Nourish it, water it with all the great thought of the day, and thus educate your conscience to a point where you may judge for yourself. Keep the windows of your soul open for the east and west, and the north and south wind. Each one will refresh you.

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LARGE bodies of people who come under the shrewd classification of “Dear Hearts,” are wondering why we do not have more peace, less war, more results from Peace Conferences, less from military bureaus. The simple reason is that scarcely any-

body believes in Peace Conferencés. When the delegates attend they all take their weapons with them, and alternative schemes of campaigning. With all the talk about peace ninety per cent. of the people do not expect peace nor believe in it. It is the thought of the heart and not the word of the mouth that is really effective. A Chicago bishop has just been telling us that he would consider no expenditure of blood or treasure too enormous that would enable the Gospel and Jesus to be brought to the hearts of the millions of China. Now what is a peace conference going to do in the face of a preponderant public opinion of that sort? And it is a preponderant opinion, for, depend upon it, the bishops know their people, and tell them what they like to hear. We all do. Editors write what their readers wish to read. Preachers accommodate themselves to the popular yearnings of the day, and while the majority of the people are willing to spend blood and treasure to bring Jesus to the hearts of the heathen, we are going to hear about it. If it is not Jesus it is the old Flag. If it is not the Old Flag, it is Commerce, or the Open Door. The heathen, it is well-known, are going to perdition for want of these blessings, and as long as we can get men to spend our taxes in spreading the good news with gun and bayonet, are we going to hold back in the great cause? In their dumb way the heathen no doubt long to supply us with their own national blessings, and if the Boers could manage it they would bring Jesus to our hearts in their peculiar style. And so would the Russians, and the Germans, and the French and the Chinese, for the races of the world are consumed with the desire to confer salvation on their brethren. Some of us ought to be old enough to see the joke.

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A LADY correspondent confirms the opinions of the writer in the *Theosophical Forum* about women. "Don't tell me," she writes, "that you understand women, for I'm sure you don't, not one bit." I humbly submit that I never was guilty of this astounding claim. "The most of us," she continues, "are selfish, cruel, and mean—the average woman has positively no sense of honour. The trouble with you is that you idealize us, you dream of what we ought to be and then you pin that on to us and say, 'now there's a woman,' while in fact, it is not at all; it's only a Dream-woman. A woman is naturally shallow and deceitful. If I were Mr. Weller I'd tell Samivel to beware of *all* women—they are bad." I need hardly quote Mrs. Poyser, "There's no doubt but women are bad. God made them to match the men." Were it not that I can truthfully testify to this conviction I would never dare to reproduce these hard sayings about our dear sisters. My faith in women is the faith of



Ruskin to whom it chanced "to see the utmost evil that is in women, while [he] had but to believe the utmost good." But if there be one good woman in ten thousand, and there are at least as many, our dreams are fully justified, and the world feels their influence while they are the stronger for our adoration. "The best women are indeed necessarily the most difficult to know," Ruskin goes on to say in the later Preface to *Sesame and Lilies*, which I trust all my lady readers will procure on the spot and peruse; "they are recognized chiefly in the happiness of their husbands and the nobleness of their children; they are only to be divined, not discerned by the stranger; and, sometimes, seem almost helpless except in their homes." There is only one hopeless aspect in any woman's character, and that is when she makes up her mind that she is thoroughly satisfied with herself as she is, that she has no desire to change or improve, and that the world must accommodate itself to her. When a woman falls into this frame, she may well be delivered over to the Apostle Paul and his fellow misogynists. But I continue with Ruskin, "believing, yet, that no man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion." Aspiration is the very Breath of Life, and lacking it, woman is but an image of clay, however lovely.

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THE ANNUAL REPORT of the American Section T. S. has been published and is more than usually interesting. Of the four leading Theosophical bodies in America this is the only Report issued, which probably indicates that the others are too weak to make any showing. The General Secretary admits his disappointment at the comparative stagnation of the Society, 1286 members appearing on the roll, against 1248 last year. Nor does he "perceive the exact reason." Hundreds of us who wish to be in the T. S. could tell him. A writer in the *Theosophical Forum* for June says: "The only question is, who are ready to unite? Who will help to form a more perfect union? on a basis so broad as to open wide the door for every sincere student of the Secret Doctrine, for every believer in Theosophy in the world, with tolerance for every one and everything but intolerance, and with blind loyalty to nothing but the simple Truth, each for himself as he sees it. For such a more perfect union I, for one, am ready Now." As soon as Mr. Fullerton feels that he can endorse this position there will be an end of stagnation. As it is, the work is really suffering. Only six Branches on the roll date earlier than 1894. Only four have Madam Blavatsky's signature on their charters, and I am still rather proud of having my name on one of these. The con-



vention in Chicago was not exciting but there was much of genuine interest. Greetings were received from the European and the Dutch Sections. Col. Olcott's tour was discussed. He will arrive in Boston early next year and cover the Continent during the spring and summer. Mr. Leadbeater is also expected for a three months' tour during the present year. The General Secretary thinks that "if an advanced Being, far higher than any mere member of the T. S., had desired to confer at this particular time a very special impetus to T. S. interests, he could hardly, one would say, have suggested a more effective step than this tour by Col. Olcott—and, indeed, it is conceivable that such may have been its genesis." Mr. Fullerton also records himself as recognizing the present as the last year of the century. In the National Committee's Report, Bible Class work is referred to, and believing "that the interpretation of the Christian Scriptures offers a field of work that would bring large returns," the members hope to hear from those who have undertaken such study. With 1286 members in the T. S., about 600 in the T.S. in A., and perhaps 800 more between the U.B. and The Temple, it may be estimated that with the independent Societies there are somewhere in the neighbourhood of 3000 people working along more or less Theosophical lines in America.

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THE SUDDEN DEATH from brain fever on the 6th inst. of Franklin M'Leay is a distinct loss to the English stage. Mr. M'Leay was a Canadian, born at Watford, Ontario, and he was educated at Woodstock Baptist College, and took a scholarship at Toronto University. Through James E. Murdock, whose really occult methods have exerted wide influence, he was induced to study the drama, in which he rose to the very first rank. Some silly people who have scarcely ever been in a theatre, have recently been taking credit to themselves for inaugurating a revolution in theatrical affairs, and I read an article a few days ago setting out some rather absurd claims in this direction. The drama, like every other department of human activity, is a study by itself, and the scholarship and genius that have been devoted to it in the last twenty years have produced results too notable to be appropriated by outsiders. Henry Irving was perhaps the first to bring the forces of modern culture to bear upon the stage of this generation, but he has had many able allies both in America and England. Wilson Barrett, Beerbohm Tree, F. R. Benson are among those who have contributed to the academic value of the stage, the Shaksperian productions of the last named throughout the British Isles being worthy of especial esteem. Percy Compton has done similarly for Shaksperian comedy and the Sheridan

and Goldsmith school. When I saw Franklin M'Leay in '98 as Cassius I had had no previous knowledge of his powers, but the performance, the most finished, perfect and satisfactory characterization I ever saw, ranked him for me with the classical actors. The unity and completeness of his work was what struck me, not a gesture or an inflection but added to the sense of consummate but wholly natural art. Nor was there any "starring," the character being harmoniously restrained within its proper limits. I am glad to associate M'Leay with *Julius Cæsar*, one of the most mystical of Shakspeare's plays. It is said that this young actor in his brief career had taken over forty important parts. The thought has frequently occurred to me that there can be no better training in yoga or "detachment" than the work of the actor. As one after another various characters are assumed, the result for an earnest student must be akin to what we are told each incarnation is intended to effect for the soul. And the greatest actors have told us that they considered it a weakness when they wholly identified themselves with the part they were impersonating. They gave the impression of complete identification, and yet remained separate, masters of the situation. It is true that many actors are swayed by a lower order of art, and governed by the magic of abandonment, a temporary obsession which opens the way to domination by the Great Enchanter, the Astral Light. The nervous attacks, the use of stimulants, and other symptoms of reaction are clearly traceable to this subtle influence.



#### THE COMING DEMOCRACY.\*

"LET us go down to the rock. Let us make men free, and then trust them." This is Major Smith's proposal for political reform. In its cheerful optimism, and hearty belief in humanity it conveys much encouragement to those who have been thinking that politically men are a hopeless quantity. If it be really the artificial restrictions which are imposed upon us by the systems of our forefathers, and the incompleteness in which we adopt any new method, which prevent the working out of our own best impulses, and give the opportunity for the activity of the worst elements in society, then the sooner we get to a point of the freest and most mobile government the better. There is, apparently, a conservatism in society which clings obstinately to old things simply because they are old, even when admittedly bad, and as piecemeal reform defeats the objects it attempts, by retaining elements which neutralize those newly

\* The Coming Democracy. O. J. Smith. 162 pages, 8vo. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50c. New York: The Brandur Company, 220 Broadway.

introduced, it is only by very radical measures that rapid improvement may be expected.

Governments are either evolved or created, and the manufactured or created ones are failures to the extent they fail to respond to evolutionary influences. "The principle of democracy is one thing, and the machinery by which Democracy can be put into practical use is another thing. The principle may be sound, and the machinery unsound. . . . A Democracy is a state which is ruled by a majority of its own people." "America," Major Smith charges, "has the forms, but is lacking in the fact of Democracy. England has the forms of monarchy and the essential fact of Democracy—that the voice of the people can be expressed quickly and effectively whenever an issue of importance is reached, and that their will is supreme and final." "In only seven years in the last quarter of a century has the government of the United States responded to the will of the people." "It takes an average of 20,121 Democratic votes to elect a member of the lower house in the present congress from the South, while an average of 98,922 Republican votes is required to elect a member of the house from the same section. On the other hand, the Republican senators from the North represent an average of 106,093 votes, while the Democratic senators from the North represent an average of 2,185,050 votes."

"It has not been claimed that our people are suffering from decay in any quality save in public spirit. In all other respects the American people rank at this time as being active, enterprising, daring, quick-witted and aspiring in a marked degree." The cause of the manifest evils existing in political affairs Major Smith finds in the fact that the government is not a true Democracy, but "is a government which, as a rule, denies and defies the people; it is a defective and perverted Democracy."

Major Smith believes that "as we are trusting to the honesty and intelligence of the poor and ignorant every day of our lives—in the trains, on the streets, in all the minute ramifications of work and trade, in places of pleasure, even in our sleep," so we might well trust these "men to whom Fate has denied favour and opportunity, but whose souls are as white and clean as the soul of any king," with their due and equal share in the government which it is their own greatest interest to have perfect. "The fault is not in the indifference, nor in the dishonesty, of the people; it lies in the complexities which are at war with all sound methods of business organization. No one prefers bad government, save its beneficiaries. All sane men are naturally honest, and prefer right ways to wrong ways." He points out that at present men chosen to office do not represent

the whole people, but a party, which means a dishonest machine. Out of this source it is absurd to expect good results. A direct trust from the people would be observed with that fidelity for the peoples' interests which distinguishes all service. As people are now faithful to party, so they would be faithful to the people directly if the opportunity offered, for "treachery is that offence which ranks a little lower in the minds of men than any other crime."

The means suggested to secure direct service from the people's representatives is a method of proportional representation which Major Smith styles the Free Man's Ballot. It is practically what is known in Canada as the Hare-Spence system of voting. Its simplicity and its absolute fairness must commend it to every honest and liberally minded man, and the only question we may ask about it is whether men really wish to have a fair government, in which the wishes of the people will be directly obeyed, and in which the majority shall always be able to make itself heard. Those who are unwilling to trust the people will prefer to continue under the complicated system through which by various safeguards and provisos the wealthy or the crafty are enabled to circumvent the wishes of the majority.

Those who fear that the negro, or the Catholic, or the Methodist, or the Mormon, or any other class or interest should obtain the voice in the councils of the nation, to which its proportions would entitle it, may be averse from this plan, but it is to be hoped that they will recognize the inconsistency of posing as supporters of Democracy. And it must not be forgotten that many so-called reformers fear being swamped under the will of majorities adverse to their particular plans.

The reader must be referred to Major Smith's volume for his brilliant handling of these topics and dozens of others. The absurdity of splitting up the direction of public business into several conflicting departments, the necessity of a unity of policy in all matters of government, the relation of corporations to the public welfare, and the effect of their actual "immortality," a factor not often considered, the value of the Single Tax and of state ownership, the basic fact that behind all honest systems of production and exchange there is but one thing—labour, are a few of the matters discussed. I am glad to see also that he anticipates an age of cheap transportation. The actual cost of carrying a passenger from New York to Chicago need not be more than \$2. A universal rate of \$1 will be a feature of the advent of the Brotherhood Millenium.

*The Coming Democracy* is a wonderfully sensible and attractive book.

## SOME "LEAVES OF GRASS."

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,  
 Healthy, free, the world before me,  
 The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,  
 Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,  
 Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,  
 Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient,  
 I do not want the constellations any nearer,  
 I know they are very well where they are,  
 I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

(Still here I carry my old delicious burdens,  
 I carry them, men and women, I carry them with me wherever  
     I go,  
 I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them,  
 I am fill'd with them, and I will fill them in return.)

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Who learns my lesson complete?  
 Boss, journeyman, apprentice, churchman and atheist,  
 The stupid and the wise thinker, parents and offspring, mer-  
     chant, clerk, porter and customer,  
 Editor, author, artist, and schoolboy—draw nigh and commence;  
 It is no lesson—it lets down the bars to a good lesson,  
 And that to another, and every one to another still.

The great laws take and effuse without argument,  
 I am of the same style, for I am their friend,  
 I love them quits and quits, I do not halt and make salaams.

I lie abstracted and hear beautiful tales of things and the  
     reasons of things.

They are so beautiful I nudge myself to listen.

—*Walt Whitman.*